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"The people with loving eyes watched her" (*page* 103)

Pax
The Adventurous Horse

by Muriel Hodder

with illustrations by
Ray Garnett

and a preface by
Edward Garnett

London
Faber & Gwyer

To my father
Colonel W. M. Hodder, R.E.
with gratitude for the keen interest
he has taken in this book

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PREFACE

WHAT A SPIRITED TITLE IS "PAX THE ADVENturous Horse"! How suggestive of the mind of eleven! And in fact Miss Muriel Hodder, the author, was eleven when she wrote "Pax" and, her relatives disapproving and snubbing her, the story was put aside and lay nineteen years in a drawer when it luckily came into appreciative hands. Nineteen years so to say "in the wood", and to-day this vintage of youth is poured out in all its sparkling lightness for the discerning palate.

One must claim for "Pax" that it is the fruit of an English child's unspoiled imagination when she was boldly intent on satisfying herself, with both bright eyes on her audience. What is delightful in this dramatic story of the English horse stolen from Valeri and taken to Germany by Gerald and Dixen the burglarious brothers of the heroine, Amellia Steben, is the girlish mind of the writer. Most feminine is the gradual change

of tone from the lighthearted scenes of the stealing and of Amellia's riding Pax in " Unter den Linden ", where " the people looked very longingly at Amellia when she rode past on such a lovely horse and everybody wondered who Amellia was ", to the high moral tone of girlish reprobation when the three policemen arrive at Miss Steben's house and the large knobbly hand of Justice hovers over the culprits. As the shadows of detection and expiation steal near one cannot but admire the feminine subtlety with which the writer modulates the key of recklessness into the key of righteousness. The warnings of an uneasy conscience have rarely been better depicted than in the description of Amellia Steben's premonitions:

" When she was out in the garden that time she was thinking of the first night when Pax was brought to her by Gerald and Dixen, she wore that same dress as she now wore, and somehow these thoughts, not a bit consoling to her, she seemed that somthing would happen on account of that night, the thoughts of that night ought to have made her joyous, to think she had that lovely horse, to ride on. Yet she did not think it so now somehow. Her thoughts were like they had

never been before, she felt she had to ask Gerald and Dixen, but her conscience would not tell her what it was, so that night she went to bed rather unhappy, when she ought to have been so very happy.

" In the night she woke up and knew she had been dreaming, she remembered what her dream was quite well. It was terrible. . . . The person in her dream was all dressed in deep black, and she could not see its face, nor could she distinguish if it were a he or she. The person murmured softly under its breath saying ' I am death ' it said not another word. But it seemed to her when she heard this, that she must tell Gerald and Dixen about it. But all the same really she did not quite know what to say to them, but at last she could not stand it any longer and she walked into their room and told them her dream. And she could not help herself saying to them, ' Do not you think under these conditions we ought to sell our Pax, for I am sure both of you have done wrong when you went to England that time ? ' "

This is indeed how conscience works in us all ; and how wickedly we strive to still its voice is shown in a manner that Tolstoy himself could not have bettered :

" So at last she had to go back to bed, and she dreamed again, but she saw nothing, only heard a voice saying in a dead whisper ' Sell him.' When she awoke it was time to get up, and so she tried

to forget her dream. And by the evening, she did quite forget it. She went to bed very late.

"That afternoon she had had a lovely ride on Pax. But before she went to bed she thought how stupid she had been to worry Gerald and Dixen about her dream."

These passages as art are as the premonitory rumblings of a storm in nature. The day arrives when as Amellia was quietly sitting in the drawing-room reading, "a peculiar knock" was heard at the front door, and "in a few minutes the servant opened the drawing-room door, and who did she let come in; two policemen, they marched in, holding an enormous scroll in their hands". Mr. Galsworthy did well in "Justice" but I do not think that anything in that play equals the master-stroke when the two stern policemen, departing, meet Gerald and Dixen coming into the hall:

"They were very frightened and declared they had not done the deed and they said 'Such a crime we should never commit.'"

In its unerring psychology one is reminded of Stephen Crane's scene in "A Great Mistake" when a babe detected in the act of

stealing a lemon " thrust the round bulb behind him and with a face expressive of the deepest guilt began a wild elaborate series of gestures declaring his innocence ".

And now I pass to the grand scene of the Trial when the genius of femininity takes the centre of the stage and displays itself modestly in the spotlight. A reader here and there may cavil, and echo the passage in one of Conrad's letters where a hollow-eyed man impresses on him that " woman don't play fair ". But Amellia's appeal to her burglarious brothers should shake such masculine obsessions :

" I cannot live through this trial said Amellia, for one reason ; I do not want to hear if you two say, that you have not taken the horse ; but I trust you will be absolutely truthful to the Judge and tell him you did the wicked deed, and that you will be nice to the person who lost the horse, and tell her you are ashamed at having done such a deed, and do beg her pardon, and ask her kindly to let you off going to prison, by paying a little, and tell her that you would pay the rest by selling our house, but whatever you do please keep my dear statues. I will hand you my will in the trial said Amellia, for I cannot live. I have hardly had anything to eat this morning so I am very weak. I

could not eat somehow. Mind you be very good and kind to Pax?"

This is a prelude to the great dramatic master-stroke, Amellia's recital from "The Tempest". Matthew Arnold had reason when he said that the Grand Style at its best cannot be equalled. And my fellow-critics will not fail to point out that the artistic method of the author of Pax is identically the same as Shakespeare's in "Coriolanus" and in "Macbeth" and "King Lear", viz. the cumulative, mounting method. They will applaud the masterly use of suspense, the interplay of conflicting emotions in the guilty brothers, the Judge's delusive quietness, the bringing of Pax into court, Frix's dramatic outburst, "That dear Amellia Steben is quite innocent I know," Pax's neighing at his old mistress Valeri, the Judge's sedate ruling, the Jury's verdict, Amellia's sisterly appeal for her brothers, and finally her reciting of Prospero's famous speech in "The Tempest". Nature responds in sympathy: the court is completely darkened by an enormous cloud rolling past overhead, and when the light man came and lit everything up Amellia is lifted

up " quite dead ". A lesser artist would have failed to sustain the tragedy, but the Judge's oracular verdict, " Never have I ever had such a case in my life," is as unanswerable as life itself.

In taking leave of "Pax" one feels how fortunate is Miss Hodder among authors. To have written so original and so dramatic a story at eleven was lucky indeed, but for Fate to have intervened, and have broken the mould, so that it stands alone, is luckier still. For the genius of childhood departs when adolescence arrives and self-consciousness forbids the daring strokes with which " Pax " teems. The aloe, it is said, flowers once in a hundred years. Hundreds of thousands of children flower each decade, but only one " Pax " has arrived.

EDWARD GARNETT

PART I: CHAPTER I

AS MY STORY BEGINS I WRITE OF A LADY WITH no enjoyment, no fun, no aim in life, just because she has thought of no aim. Having always been brought up in this tame way of living ; she lives a useless life. Advantages have been numerous in her way, but she has not taken the hints from them. Her life as far as now is boring ; and she knows this ; Yet she will not get occupied in any way.

The horses, owls, and birds are her chief companions ; and she watches the horses, caper about in the fields. They are a great enjoyment to her, and she loves to watch their merry sport.

Now this story will leave the lady alone for awhile ; And turn to the horses, as they are the chief item.

It being a very hot day in june, they are basking in the sun, and frisking about now and then, these merry young creatures. Perhaps none of them being older than 5 years of age. The chief of these creatures, is the one called Pax, just turned 3 years old. The lady loved this horse, better than any of the others. He was a jet black ; a very beautiful strong, and goodlooking creature, also a very hard hearted fellow.

The others were all mares, except one frisky young brownikin.

At this moment Pax was occupied in pulling a branch off a tree ; and the dusk of the twilight was falling.

The man called John came round into the field with a big cutting whip to drive all the horses into their stables ; but Pax, who hid himself, and would not come out was left. He was the youngest of the family of horses, which consisted of about 5 other ones. He had his life to go through and his troubles. Any clever man or woman, or perhaps I ought to stay understander of horses, looking at Pax ; at a glance would see the beauty, and would understand his looks, they could

tell the cutness in his eyes, and even go as far as to say " they were possitive this horse would do many great things." He had a character quite quite by himself as some people have. By saying a character by himself, I mean independent of anything ; daring ; and not minding if he was alone ; and also not caring if it were always with the same people. This horses nature was the oppisite to the lady's, for if she had not only stuck to her house, and moped away ; if she had been born with an independentness, she would have had a better life ; but there was still hope that she might get out of this way of living. Being independent it did not mean that the horse was not faithful to his mistress ; for he was ; but he would never mop for her even if he knew that he would not see her for a long time.

This Pax was full of adventure, and did not mind going out into the world to earn his oats ; somtimes mixing with rich and somtimes with poor people, somtimes to be treated cruelly, and somtimes treated with kindness. If he had not had a will of his own, as well as a mind, he might have met

with serous escapes, as you will find latter. The lady was neither the sort to weep, if she lost her favourite horse, or if her favourite bird had flown away out of its cage. She would not really feel so unhappy as you might think; even if Pax had escaped; because always having had such an experience with horses, and other animals, she had studied the character of Pax well, and she knew he was a worldly horse, and if he did happen to escape she would not think so very much, even if no news had been heard of him for a few years. For Pax would revenge on cruel people.

Now I may quite truly say that the Preface of this story is finished. The climax not yet having been reached. The begining, and a few contents to explain the imagination of this beautiful country maiden, or woman, and the exclaimation of this wounderous horse, Pax. There is another side also to be taken in this story, as you will see.

PART I: CHAPTER II

WHEN THE OTHER HORSES HAD BEEN DRIVEN into their stalls, this cute Pax had hidden at the sound of John's whip, as I said before, and had not uttered even a neigh as the other ones had done.

John forgetting about this one, and even if he had remembered, he wanted his glass of whisky, so shutting the field gates up, he drove the other horses into their stables. John had studied Pax well, and he did see that Pax, had not come in, but he had not seen that Pax was not there till he had shut the stable door. Some way or other, he let the horse be free into the world, for he knew Pax was quite old enough to look after himself, and he knew that once Pax was left out in the field he would escape if he could.

John was a lazy man, and really he would have been very much pleased, if Pax had escaped, for then he would have had one horse less to look after, one less very troublsome one too. For without Pax he could get on pretty well. Pax was the one that kicked his stable door through, and when the groom came in ; he tore a mouthful of the grooms hair off his head. There are many tales in this horses youth that I could tell. But now turning to what Pax was doing.

He was just looking about him, the night had almost drawn, the stars already were begining to fill the skies with their wounderous brilliance, and their twinkling lights, the moon too was showing a good appearance of itself.

Pax sighed a breath of releif, and began to make his plans, he thought he would sleep out this night till the morning sun arroused him, then he would start out looking round in other fields, for carrots, which he could root up, then after then he would see what to do. He used to love rooting up carrots it was the life he wanted to be free to steal carrots and anything he wanted.

PART I: CHAPTER III

WHILE HE WAS ASLEEP A CRACK, AND A SOUND made him give a start. He jumped up ; and before being able to really realize what was happening, a knotted string was over his head. Now he was a victim, with two or three strong men who were talking softly to themselves.

Pax gave a neigh of delight, but at the same time he was a little terrified as to what these men would do to him, and were they were going to take him to, and also to think that he was going out into the world, and be of use to men, or women. These two men by name were, Gerald and Dixen, And now they leaped for joy at the thought of

having such a lovely horse as Pax. They knew the horses name was Pax. These two men Gerald and Dixen, were two Germans, they spoke English well, and mostly always spoke in English tongue. They were brothers. They were really setting up a sort a burglarary in England, but at the same time were pretty good men ; but they were very poor, and could not get a living in Germany so they came to England to see what they could do there.

They both knew Pax's mistress, having overheard people talking of her. Now quickly taking the horse, led him quietly away, they were not in the least bit cruel, for they could make a great deal of use of Pax.

They wanted to take him back to Germany, with them, to wake him up a bit, and being a very good horse, they would make money by him. First at the Big Show of horses that was coming off. Then they might sell him and make a bargain at the fare, for a £100. And instead of Pax they would get a cheap £4 mule, that would serve them quite as well as anything. Then they would have a large balance of money over.

Gerald dragged the horse along by the halter, and Dixen jumped up on to his back. Of course Pax had never had anyone on his back before, so feeling this heavy thing on his back gave two or three violent kicks; and Dixen was off, headlong rolling down the field, as it was on a steep sloop; and at the bottom there was a great mound of soft and wet sandy earth. Dixen fell right into this, and was sinking gradually. Gerald who had seen this came flying down, dragging Pax after him who had never had such a treatment before. There was a puzzel to get Dixen out of the sinking sand, so Gerald took the looped string (that both of them had caught Pax with in the night) and threw it over Dixens head, and pulling with all his strength at last he got him out, and as you can imagine, he was in a nice mess. Gerald at once said, that the horse must go to the place in Germany were he could be trained, to have a rider on his back.

Dixen took off his coat, and left it in the sand, and he brushed his hat. He tied Pax to a tree, while Gerald went to buy buns at a shop a mile off, (because this was quite in

the depth of country). It was early dawn, about four o'clock in the morning. Pax lay down and eat some grass, then he began to eat the trunk of a tree, Dixen tried to stop him but he could not.

The tree was almost eaten through, and all the bits lay on the ground, when Gerald arrived with the buns, and many other things in his basket. Gerald put the buns on the ground, but Pax sharply broke open the bag, and eat some of the buns, much to the horror of the two looking on.

They took Pax with them, and went on for many miles, then took lodgings for themselves, and a stable for Pax. Pax trotted off gaily quite pleased. At two o'clock Gerald and Dixen arrived at a livery stable. There they bought harness, and the man there harnessed Pax just with bridal, and a few odd straps. They also strapped on him a bag of oats and a little hay, some carrots also. It would of course been much more conveniant for Gerald and Dixen, if Pax could have been ridden or driven; but having only been a field horse, he had not learnt to carry anyone. Pax arched his neck,

and stepped out well thinking of his past days, and he remembered well his wild scampers with the other young foals in the fields, but he was yearning to come out and see the world and he whispered to the foals, and he told them of his longing, but they shook their heads and said they were quite happy in the fields. He told the foals that once he would escape, so if they found him gone they would know. He said when he had had enough of the world, he would come back when the chance came, so they said that they would beleive him. It was rather hard on him he thought, that he had to carry both Gerald's and Dixen's big brown leather bags on his back. He was rather wishing himself back in the field again, but he was full of wonder still, while Gerald and Dixen were very excited to be going back to their dear country. Besides after having found their utmost delight. Now they had just arrived at the dock, and getting the horse on board the ship, admidst all his shyings the ship was off.

They had rather a business with Pax.

They got off the steamer, and took the train to Lipsig. Then at last after many changings they arrived at there very own little house.

PART I: CHAPTER IV

IT HAD A GARDEN OF SMALL SIZE, BUT EVERYthing quite perfect together in it and harmonizing completely, a tiny lawn, of half an acre, in the middle of it was a large marble fountain everlastingly pouring out silver cristals of water, it is playing while the lovely nightingale on the graceful willow is singing forth a tuneful note.

There are beds of the loveliest and richest carnations, and three or four statues dotted round about the lawn.

Statues of the past goddesses.

Venus is the first, she is pointing with her marble finger heavenwards, by her side, is a splendid form of Cupid ; Next comes a marvellous sclupture of Minerva. The last mentioned is the carving of Diana, the

Goddess of Hunting; She is riding on a graceful horse. It would take a long time to describe all the beauties of this garden.

Now turning to the house, which is a little stone one; with a thatched roof. In this house lives a maiden who's name is Amellia; she is very fair indeed, and as sanguine as you might wish to find anybody, and is now waiting for the return of her brothers, Gerald and Dixen, still hoping they may have found some great treasure in England and brought it back to her; she never in the least thought that they had brought back a real alive horse which was worth £100, for her to sit on his lovely back.

She was looking out of the window and saw Gerald and Dixen advancing towards the door, but with nothing in their hands except their leather bags which they put down on the doorstep. She flew towards them.

Dixen said, "Oh Amellia what are you looking so white for?" Oh answered Amellia because your journey to England has been useless. "Why fair maiden answered Dixen, in a caressing tone. "Because you

have come back with empty hands, just as you went away."

Then Gerald said "Are you mad," you cannot see everything at once, you shall come into the garden this evening ; but not until then will you be able to see anything." It was the afternoon now, and Amellia wondered whatever it could be to do with the garden. She hoped that they had not brought her another statue, though she thought it would have been nice to have another one, but all that trouble of going to England, and only to see a statue for it, was useless. For in the town she could get them for £5. Both Gerald and Dixen then marched into her room making a great noise about somthing ; and they made Amellia come down stairs and have an ice, and some strawberries out in the summer house. She thanked them very much and came. They both went and Amellia couldnot make out what they were doing, for it sounded as if they were chopping up somthing.

Amellia's favourite colour was a pale yellow so she is dressed in a pale yellow clinging silky sort of chiffon, a girdle round her waist

and a wreath of yellow cowslips round her golden hair which was down to her waist, and it shone like brilliant gold on her yellow dress ; and any artist coming in at this minuet could have painted her in the rustic summer house, eating the cool refreshing ice, quivering all over partly with excitement of what she would come out to find in the garden, and partly nervous a little for she kept thinking that their journey had been useless. Gerald and Dixen appeared into the garden that moment and gave the sign that a trumpet would be blown at six o'clock, then Amellia must go into the house. After a little while they were going to ring bells, then Gerald and Dixen said she must come out and pass under the garden arches, then while she was walking down ; the crashing chords of Dixen's organ (for he played the organ) might be heard in the distance, and much imagination would appear before her eyes, as she walked up the garden, while the chords of the organ brought out there loudest full tones of melody.

It was to be quite like a play.

Dixen played the organ divinely, and so

Amellia had had a white marble sort of temple built specially for this organ which was the idealisem of the three. Nobody could have been more happy than these three were ; it was simply because there was such contentment between them, and they all got on so well together ; All so different from Pax's misstress who had a sister, but she would not live with her, because she wanted the garden and everything to herself ; and would not share.

There was suddenly the sound of a trumpet that filled the quiet air, it made Amellia jump up, and she went into the house, and waited with excitment for the sound of the promised bells that would peal soon. The bells soon pealled and she flew into the garden and it happened as I said about the organ.

There she saw Gerald and Dixen dressed in yellow garments ; with silver girdles round their waists ; and each of them was holding a rein of a most beautiful looking horse, which was of course Pax. She fell in love with him at once, and persisted on being mounted on his back, and she said

never had she seen such a divine looking horse, and it was the greatest luck and bargain she had ever heard of. She made a wreath of cowslips and put them round his neck, and plated his mane in yellow ribbons. She asked Gerald and Dixen his name, at once they told her it was Pax (meaning peace in latin). She liked the name for him very much. Gerald went in, and brought out a bowl of carrots which they had been chopping in half. Then they told Amellia of all their adventures, and she laughed very much somtimes especially in hearing about Dixen's fall in the mud ; she said the next morning they would have to take Pax to be trained, for he would have to be trained to carry a rider ; The training would have to be for about a month. It was a horrid business the training though Pax associated with some other horses that were there, and they were going through the same nasty business as himself, he told them of his adventures, and they thought him a brave adventurous horse. He said his present people were very kind, but he would not be to sad even if he was sold, because he knew

himself, he was an adventurous horse, and he wanted to show off his cleverness, among many, even to people who were cruel to him, for he somehow had a good effect on them even.

Every day he went for his training, just for a month.

PART I: CHAPTER V

I WILL NOW JUST TURN BACK TO PAX'S OLD misstress, the solitary maiden, as she might be called, but I will now mention her real name which I have not yet told you. It is Valeri. She had given up looking for Pax, and John, who you remember was the coachman, had been having too many whiskies just lately and the horses had not been having enough attension. In his place she had another one called James, who never drunk, but at the same time never had a pipe out of his mouth ; but that was really axcuseable, while drinking was not. He also understood horses throughly, and on hearing the story of Pax he thought that the horse would be to powerful (for Valeri made out he was) to get into danger.

Now this day that I write about her it is the evening and she is sitting out in her garden, she is not happy, for as I have said before she will not have anyone to sympathize with her, nor will she even have her sister near her. She is lonely. Her garden is an English garden, and it is different to Amellia's lovely German garden, but still Valeri could not have a garden like hers, for she will not go by anyone else's advise, who is artistic, and could make her garden look well. She is nervous, and is afraid of those nightly creatures which people called ghosts, and she quite believes there are such things exsisting, so does not go to bed till twelve o'clock at night, so as to escape the ghosts, for she thinks they do not come out after twelve o'clock.

But this evening she was tired and went to bed at an earlier hour, first of all she was in the garden, and her maid called her in, and getting up went in to bed, she shiverred with cold in bed, and called out, but there was no response, and she rolled about then she thought she had fallen out of her bed, or that she had fallen into somthing, but she

was to tired to get up again, and now had got warmer. At the sound of yelling she woke up, and got an awful fright for she found herself hemmed in a mass of green, first waking up, she could not distinguish were she was, so rubbing her eyes she found hersef in a bush, and truly enough out in the garden she tried to think however she had got there, but could not solve the probelm at all, and it has never been known, how she came to be out there, if it had been in winter she would have caught her death of cold.

Her maid came in the garden, and quickly told her carerr of sleeping out in the garden. The maid asked her if she would like a ride on one of the horses, when she was ready as James had got one ready saddled. But she shook her head and said that there was no good in riding, let James take a ride, she preferred to sit in a chair in the garden, and to do nothing, but watch the horses.

But afterwards you will hear she found an adventurious, and active life, a better one, than a good for nothing one.

PART I: CHAPTER VI

NOW I WILL TURN BACK TO AMELLIA AND PAX, for they are much more interresting than Valeri who does nothing all day.

Pax had finished his monthes training and now could be ridden on well. It was in the afternoon and very hot in the middle of september, (which was unusual) And there was rather a fight going on as to who was to ride on Pax that evening. Gerald and Dixen being so very keen on being the first to have a ride, and Amellia was simply dying to ride. They at last settled that Amellia should ride this day, and Gerald the next day, and the day after that Dixen should ride ; Amellia was delighted at this idea.

These hot summer days were very grand

in Unter den Linden, were all the most fashionable Germans went; Unter den Linden in Germany is quite quite as fashionable as the Park in England, and anyone having been to Germany will have most likely walked often there.

It was a lovely place for riding, and the people looked very longingly at Amellia when she rode past this evening on such a lovely horse. Pax was very excited indeed at this place for there were many riders on horses, but never on such a lovely one as Pax who beat them all with swift canter and gallop. (The translation of Unter-den-Linden is Under the lime trees.).

Pax showed some astonishing movements and flew right round and round for a long time beating every other horse; and everyone wondered who Amellia was.

She took many turns, then went back.

The next day, Gerald had his turn, then the day after Dixen. They took it in turns to ride, till a sad time came over them, they lost their money, and so were very poor, and the only thing to do was to sell their little house; or either sell Pax. But Amellia

said she could not do that so they thought of an idea ; they put Pax to the races, and he won many prizes, silver and a few gold ones too, which sold for money.

PART I: CHAPTER VII

NOW VALERI HAVING READ SOME OF THE advertisements in the paper about these certain races, read this one saying,

" A beautiful horse, belonging to Miss
" Amellia Steben. The horse was given
" the name of Pax was indeed the swift-
" est in the race, and won it easily, the
" silver cup was given at Lipsig."

At this notice Valeri startled ; to be sure it really was her own horse never had she been so excited, and so curious about finding the real truth, if it was her horse. She felt indignant that people should be making use of him for races, and getting silver cups.

She rung the bell, and told James about the horse, and he said he would try to find out were this Miss Amellia Steben lived.

Valeri thought that James ought to go to Germany to find out the place were she lived. People there would sure to have heard of her there, though it was such a large country, but in the paper, it said she lived just near Lipsig. James agreed to this as he knew how to speak a little German. He was to travel that day and he started with the provisions that Valeri had given him. It was really a great scurry and it caused a great deal of excitment to Valeri.

PART I: CHAPTER VIII

THAT AFTERNOON JAMES TRAVELLED TO Germany. One man travelling in the same train made his acquaintance with him, and seemed very interested especially about the wonderful horse. And he also made up enormously to James and quite got round him, (for he was easily taken in.) This mans name was Frix ; only quite poor, but made money in gambling with cards, and other ways. He got out all about Amellia he could from James, and he felt glad for he thought he might make a good bargain out of her.

The train stopped the next morning, and this Frix directed James to the nearest way to Amellia's house (it really being the longest way round) for he knew Amellia very well

though she did not know him. Frix said goodbye to James and hoped to meet again, knowing that he would be sure not to meet him with luck. James went his way round, the way which Frix had told him to go; while Frix got into another train, and got to Amellia's house before James did. He rung the bell, and was shown into Amellia's room.

It was quite late now eight or nine hours since James had left Frix. It was seven o'clock in the evening. Amellia came in with Dixen and Gerald for she expected to find a begging man or tramp. Frix got up and told them he had got urgent news, and he started and told them all about James, and how he had directed him the wrong way, and in about an hour and a half he would be here; and would come to take Pax away from them most likely.

Amellia got a fright at this idea and at least she thought that in Germany she was safe. The only thing to do now was to pack up her things and flee just leaving a charwoman to come in every day. So she asked Frix if he could be trusted to take the horse out

of Germany into France, were Gerald and Dixen had a house with their friends there. Frix said "Yes he could be trusted quite well to take the voyage with the horse." But Amellia was very cute, and sent Gerald with him. She said she would come as soon as she could, for she might not be able to come at once because of the trains not running more often than every four hours; she thought she might have to stay at an hotel on the way. Frix and Gerald started with Pax; while Amellia packed as fast as she could with Dixen, then when they had packed what they could Amellia got all the boxes sent off by Carter Paterson, straight to France. There was only five minuets now before they expected the arrival of James. They were just going to get a cab, when they heard cart wheels, and a cab drew up to the door. A man was inside. Dixen collected his wits, and before thinking of escaping, he pulled down every blind in the house in a minuet drew Amellia by his side, and then he fetched a rope, put it out of the window leading into the garden; attaching it to the Modge inside the sill; he made

Amellia climb down it, and she landed into the back garden. Then he told the charwoman not to ever answer the door to anyone, and he gave her the address of the house in France. He also took a knife and cut all the bells. There was no knocker on the door.

The charwoman had to sleep in the house, and only go out to get food in the day time, when she had to lock and bolt the doors and windows.

Dixen undid the ropes when Amellia was down, and jumped into a mattress which she had laid on the ground. They both escaped at the back right down to the station, and arrived at France quite safely the next day, were she found Pax, Gerald and Frix awaiting her arrival. Frix was given a £100 for telling them, of James coming to steal the horse. He was very pleased with this sum of money; but he had intended to come over to France alone with the horse under his care then he had planned to take the horse himself, and after a short time to give it to Valeri so that he would sure to get a handsome reward. But now he had got a

£100 and that was quite good enough for him. For in his heart he liked Pax, and Pax had taken a great liking for him, and after all, he thought it was not worth making a bother when the three were so nice to him.

Pax played many tricks on him, and thought the stable was just the place that he would always like to live in; the lose box was imense and he was put into it. The other horses belonging to Gerald and Dixens friends had a stall each, there were two of them both mares, so Pax liked them much better than the livery stable horses in his German stable, who were rather to rough for him.

It was a very large house and garden that these friends (of Gerald and Dixen) had, they were very interrested in Pax. Of course they were entirly French so Amellia Dixen and Gerald had to speak French to them and they had to interpit it to Frix in English (as he only knew English) and which of course they knew English Amellia knew how to speak it especially well as she was much quicker to learn languages than either Gerald or Dixen for they took after their dead Father, and Amellia after her dead mother.

PART I: CHAPTER IX

NOW I MUST TURN TO JAMES WHO WAS VERY much excited, for he thought he had caught Amellia Steben, when he had driven up to a certain house he imagined was hers. He had tried to ring the bell, but it would not ring, and he could not get in anywhere, he tried the windows, but could not move them. And at last he gave it up altogether as a bad job, and so he was very angry, for all his trouble he had taken. He went to an hotel, and the people there told him that he had come miles round out of his way to were Miss Steben lived, and so James knew then that Frix had directed him wrong, and that Miss Steben must have escaped with the horse, and her brothers.

PART I: CHAPTER X

NOW I WILL TURN BACK FOR YOU TO HEAR how Pax went down to the station with Gerald, before Amellia and Dixen had escaped from the house.

He thought it exciting going out at dark. And Frix thought he went willingly enough, for he understood pretty well what the fuss was about.

Many horses would have kicked at the dreadful noises of the trains, and the junting of Engines. But before Pax the Stebens had had, many horses ; so they understood them well.

James wrote to Valeri from the Hotel were he was and told her about his useless journey.

He told her that a good many people knew Miss Steben had escaped but they did not know were she had gone, and for one thing they did not bother much about her, and they did not beleive it about the horse, they only thought that James had come over to spy on them. The charwoman was very unlikely to tell anybody about the escape, for she was a great favourite to the Stebens. Amellia had told her to warehouse the furniture while they were away.

James soon had a letter back from Valeri, and she told him to stay a month at the Hotel to make sure of catching the horse. Besides she wanted James to enjoy himself there.

The charwoman also wrote to Amellia and told her that she had heard that James was staying on at the hotel just near their house. She also said she would not write again unless there was anything important to mention such as James leaving for England or anything like that.

Amellia wrote back again to the charwoman and thanked her for her letter, and said Pax had grown into a fine fellow, and

he was very intelligent indeed, and even their French friends said they loved Pax, and they said they did not ever want to part with Gerald and Dixen and Amellia they would have liked them to live with them always and not go back to Germany.

PART I: CHAPTER XI

VALERI WAS IN A VERY SAD FIT JUST NOW ON account of the death of her sister Athene. Who she in reallity loved dearly, only now since the last three years had quite neglected her. Valeris husband had died three years ago, and since then she had gone to pot, and lost her love for everybody even her own sister, who used to be called such a favourite. Athene died of a slight illness, which overtook her quite suddenly, and she died in a few days, Valeri was with her at her death, and she thought that Athene might die, so being overcome by sorrow, as it was her only friend, except animals, she repented to Athene, but Athene forgave her cheerfully. Valeri told her maid to make her up a black

dress at once, for she had no black dresses ; she only wore black for two years on account of her husband, she would not wear it any longer, as she hated him so much ; she had also one son Albert who I have not spoken about yet as Valeri did not care for him at all ; for he was like her husband. She had abbolished Albert to the navy ; he sometimes wrote her letters. She had always longed for a daughter ; but never had had one.

Valeri walked out into the garden, and was longing for the return of James. She fed the chickens and geese and picked some apples for the horses, who neighed to hear her voice. She also knew how to milk the cows. She had six dogs ; one dog for the sheep, a Daschund, two spaniels, as she loved spaniels so, a Great Dane, and a little pet black pug. The dog for the sheep was called Bob. The Daschund's name was Trix, and the two spaniels, who were she dogs were called Svenks and Jelly, and the Great Dane was Daniel and the little pug was Tipsey, and for short Tip.

Valeri now set herself down and wrote a very long loving and affectionate letter to her

far off son and told him about the death of his aunt. Of course he was delighted to get this affectionate letter, and Valeri felt pleased she had written a nice letter to him, and when she thought how nice it really was to have a son she was always nice to him. She wrote and told him all about Pax being taken, and about James in Germany. Then he wrote and persuaded her to go herself to Germany, for he said he could go with her if she consented, as he had leave off for a month. He said it would do her so much good to see another country, and he promised that if she had once been to an opera, she would stay to hear many more. He said he would speak German for her. She had always been in the country, and had no idea what town or an hotel was like. She had only seen the one house. She talked it over with her maid who had once lived in France. Valeri had had her three years, and had great confidence in her. Her name was Enid.

Enid said she strongly advised her to go with her son. So Valeri said she would write and tell James to come back, as she

would not leave the house without him to look after everything for her. She knew he was thoroughly trustworthy. So was Enid trustworthy she thought. Valeri was really quite looking forward to her German visit; and James was coming back that night. He did not mind coming back, for he was rather sich of the German talk all around him.

PART I: CHAPTER XII

AMELLIA WAS IN A VERY SAD PLIGHT INDEED for the charwoman's husband was ill, therefore the charwoman had to leave their house shut up and go and look after her husband, as there was no one she really trusted to look after him. Amellia did not know what to really do. She wrote and asked the charwoman if James had any intension of leaving for England yet. The charwoman said she had heard that James was going back to his country that afternoon. So Gerald and Dixen thought of going back, and to stay there a month before Amellia, to make sure that it was safe. Besides Amellia did not want to go back straight to Germany she wished to take a trip to Belgium for about a foughtnight, and stay at an hotel that she knew well. The hotel was at Brussels.

PART II: CHAPTER XIII

AMELLIA TOOK FAREWELL OF HER FRENCH friends, and they were sorry that she was going as well as Gerald and Dixen. It took her rather a long time to go to Brussels from France. Gerald suddenly thought about Pax; he asked Dixen if he thought it safe to take the horse back to Germany; and Dixen really quite laughed at him; so they dessided to take Pax.

When Pax saw the saddles being packed he was very sorry, for he understood quite well that he was going away from this stable, and he had to take leave of his friends, the two mares that were in the other stalls, one each side of him.

Pax hated the livery stable horses that were in Germany, he hoped that Gerald and

Dixen and Amellia would not go back to Germany, but one thing he loved was to be ridden on in "Unter den Linden" as I have said before. Pax was taken down to the station to see Amellia off. Gerald waved violently as the train left the station, and Dixen lifted up Paxe's foot and made him wave. Of course Pax was very frightened at the whistling of trains, so he was only brought in when the train was going off. They had to pay to let him in, and he had to go to a place right at the side of the station ; (because of course a horse would never be allowed on the platform of any station.)

The next day Gerald and Dixen started for Germany ; with Frix in care of Pax. Their french friends told them to come back to stay with them if there was the slightest chance of the horse being caught. They said they certainly would.

PART II: CHAPTER XIV

NOW TURNING BACK TO VALERI; SHE HAD quite made up her mind to go to Germany with her son Albert. Albert was only twenty, and he hated the Naval life, and as his mother had become so affectionate to him just now he thought of asking her to let him give up his naval life and live with her in the country. When Valeri heard her son's request, she was delighted to let him off from his service, and to live with her was delightful, because he would be so useful to her in everything; he could see that James was looking after everything well. And of course make himself useful by feeding the horses.

A few days after James arrival back to Valeri; Albert arrived by train; he came on horseback from the station. The horse

was his own, that he had bought very cheap from a man, who was in despair to know what to do with his faithful mare called Grey. This man had suddenly been ordered off on some business, and he could not take his mare "Grey" with him, and he could not leave her with his wife because she hated horses, and would not be bothered to get anyone to look after her husband's horse. This man thought Albert just the very person that he wanted, for he would not mind selling Grey to him so much. Albert told the man that he loved horses, and that he could come, and see his Grey at any time if he wanted to know how he was getting on.

The man said he was going away for a year, so he would soon come and see his pet again; and perhaps if he could he would buy her back again, if she had not got to love Albert to much.

Albert paid £30 for the mare; and gave the man Valeri's address.

The mare was grey in colour, and that was the meaning of her name.

PART II: CHAPTER XV

VALERI WAS SITTING OUT IN HER GARDEN waiting for her son Albert's arrival. She had sent one of the carriages to fetch him from the station. She had not seen him for many years since he was 18.

She expected to hear wheels of a carriage ; for she never guessed he would be on horseback after having waited an hour, she heard the trot of a horse ; she did not think it could be Albert for generally she heard more of the wheels of the carriage than of the trot of the horse.

The field horses were seldom broken in for riding ; in fact always for driving, because Valeri never rode. She was thinking how lovely it would be if Pax could have been

broken in for Albert to ride, but now, that she had not got Pax it was no use at all wishing. But she made up her mind that when she went to Germany she would do her utmost to try to find out about the stolen Pax; from the Germans there, who lived near that Miss Stebens house. In the newspaper, it had not mentioned this Miss Stebens address; except a vague address of (Near Lipsig). Valeri really would not have gone to Germany but for Pax, for she was anxious about him; She knew Albert was clever so he would help her very much about Pax. He himself was very indignant about Pax.

When the clock struck just four, Valeri heard a whistleing at the garden gate, she wondered who was there; so getting up went to open the gate; Whom did she? her own son Albert. He dismounted Grey, and had her taken round to the stable. Valeri was *delighted* to see him again, he had not changed a little bit not since he was eighteen years of age; he was tall, good-looking and handsome. Valeri insisted on knowing why he had not driven up in the carriage, that she sent for him, and she also

said what a lovely mare Grey was. He told her how he had bought Grey ; and said he met the carriage on his way up from the station. He had ridden back with the carriage on Grey, and James had talked with him, and told him a great deal about Germany. Albert kept telling many stories about himself and many other things to Valeri all the evening, all about what happened, during he had left her many years ago.

She was perfectly delighted with him, (and thought how ungrateful she had been during his absence from her, never had she written to him all the time.)

When Albert told her more about Grey, she said that it would be a waste to go to Germany, just on the chance of finding Pax, Albert laughed over and over again at her silliness, and said of course he would get back Pax, or else he would have a row with the Police about it, and have the Miss Steben (if it was her) tried, and soon see if it was her that had dared to come to England to steal a beautiful horse. Of course, if James had known enough German he could have easily captured the people, for when finding

he could not get into Miss Stebens house, he should have gone straight to the Police about it.

Valeri said she was so sorry she had acted so badly to Albert before, because if she had treated him nicely when he was away she could have told him to go to Germany when he had his leave, for it was waste of money to send James (though he enjoyed it immensely). Albert said he knew she would repent about it later on so he had waited, till the time came that she had found out that a country, lonely, desolate, selfish, life was a mistake. Valeri agreed to this saying heartily, and said that he was right, and that in future she would always go abroad with him, when he was on leave, she said somtimes to Italy, and also Germany if she liked it enough when she went this time, she also wished to go to France now, though before the very mention of going to France, or anywhere else would have made her have a fit. She still did not like the idea of going to Germany, for she could not imagine what streets would be like.

Her joy of seeing Albert again seemed to

quite take away her rheumatism in her arm so evidently Albert had come just in time to save her from always suffering from it. Never had Valeri felt like she did now in all her life, she felt she could jump the garden wall her spirits were so raised, ten or fifteen years had been taken off her life she thought ; She loved the quet melodie of the birds voices, as they answered one after the other but now greater still did she love them. Her ears seemed opened to all of them. The whole garden seemed full of all the birds there was singing, they seemed to understand all about her and they were all singing together in joy. An Owl was even peeping out of a barky old giant tree, in the middle of the lawn to see what the birds were making such a noise about.

But not being able to see in the day, it was rather cross ; for if it had been night, the owl would have sprung upon some poor bird.

This owl was brown, and imensely fat. Valeri had often heard its hoots at night. The tree was enormous and it was in a very quiet place, so the owl had chosen this tree

for building its nest in. The owl was very put out by these noises, and threatened to itself, to catch some of the birds, that were making a row, and have a good supper off them, and after the owl had said this speech it went to sleep in rage till the evening ; and when evening came it could only catch two birds.

Valeri went out in the garden after dinner, for a short time as the weather was extraordinarily hot for the middle of october. Albert went round to the stables to see how Grey was, Valeri also went and gave Grey a carrot and some sugar, which she enjoyed. After that they both went to see the chickens. Then they went in, as there was so much dew falling on the grass.

Valeri took Albert also to see her dogs. He liked Daniel, the Great Dane who was kept outside, in a large kennel beside Bob, the sheep dog, who also was in a fairly large kennel.

The other dogs were pets in the house. Valeri kept about twenty sheep, and three cows, so of course she had her own milk,

butter and cream, also eggs from the chickens, and her own killed meat.

She had about two thousand a year, and paid no house rent as the house was bought for ever.

Albert had never seen the Great Dane before, because Valeri had got it since he was away ; but he knew the sheep dog " Bob " well, and also the Daschunds were there before.

The little pug Tip was very friendly with him. Of course Valeri would have to leave her dogs when she went to Germany, and all the other animals.

Enid the maid promised faithfully to look after them all well while Valeri was away, for she loved dogs ; and James also promised profoundly to be very kind to the horses, and look after the chickens, he also said he would see that Giles milked the cows, and looked after the sheep as well as he generally did. James said he would also see that the gardener came and did his work properly. Valeri said she would *certainly* not be longer away than a month, even if she liked Germany. Of course for one thing Albert's

leave was up at the end of a month, so he could not on any account stay longer.

Albert said Valeri was a clever gardener for the garden was still lovely, even in october, full of beautiful flowers, and apples on the trees.

If only Valeri had Athene her sister; for then when Albert was away, she would have been lovely, but of course Valeri could not bring the dead to life so it was impossible to think this, but Valeri was delighted when Albert said he was going to retire in a years time and come to live with her, she screamed with joy, and longed for the time to come; but Albert told her not to be so impatient, for he said he had given her Grey for company, when he was away. When she heard this she kissed him.

The next morning they settled the day to go to Germany, and Valeri told Enid that she could pack for her just enough luggage for about three weeks.

The day before they left for Germany, Albert came in from a ride on Grey, and as she had her saddle on, Albert made Valeri get on her, she consend to do so as she said

she felt like she did when she was young. She had not forgotten how to ride, and soon got her balance. Albert then explanned that while she rode Grey he would latter on ride beside her on Pax.

PART II: CHAPTER XVI

NOW ALL THIS TIME AMELLIA WAS IN BELGIUM enjoying herself immensely. She had written a great many letters to Gerald and Dixen and they wrote back to her, and said they were getting on very well indeed, but they said that the livery stable man had told them that Pax was very tiresome, and the livery stable man grumbled so much that they were afraid they must find out some more stables for Pax.

The livery stable man used always to make up every excuse he could about Pax; and saying that as fast as he laid the straw-bed, at night, not a morsel was left in the morning of the straw bedding; for Pax had eaten it; and the livery stable man very much advised

Gerald and Dixen to get the horse destroyed. On hearing this, both Gerald and Dixen, marched down to the livery stables, and captured Pax, just in time, for the man was just going to beat the poor horse with an iron stick. They were furious, and had the man up at court; he was tried, and found guilty by the judges, and for his punishment he had to have a year's very hard labour, because he had treated the other horses, in a similar way. Gerald and Dixen also had written to Amellia before this had happened about Pax and they had said, they thought Pax seemed tired, or had perhaps been hurt in some way, as he seemed to walk in such a stiff way. But of course now they knew that it was the beating that had done it, they wrote off at once and told her all about it. They said now, they had found another stable and they said was nice, the man there seemed very fond of horses, and loved them very much. He said Pax was a beautiful horse, he said he would look after him well. Pax liked the man very much. Pax seemed quite well now, and he troted beautifully again, and with his usual fast racing speed.

Amellia wrote to Gerald and Dixen, and said she was coming back in two days to Germany. They made preparations for her arrival, and she came up in a cab from the station. (They thought it would spoil Pax to train him for a carriage.) They had Pax brought up for her to see; she kissed his black face; and Pax was delighted to see Amellia, he licked her hands, and was joyous inwardly; though he had got rather tired of these Stebens, for he knew well that they were not his right people, and that Amellia was not his true mistress, he had learned from other horses that were more learned than himself, that it was wrong to steal, and that they who stole were punished, he remembered how Gerald and Dixen had caught him that time because he was alone in the field, and wanted to go out into the world and mix with other horses, and people, now he was sick of other people, he had learned a lesson and so now he wanted to go back to his former comfortable home, for he loved Valeri. How he wished he had gone in with the other horses. He did so wonder if Gerald and Dixen would get punished for

their robbery of stealing him from his former mistress. He also used to wonder what Valeri said when she found him gone, and what John the coachman said. Because Pax did not know that Valeri had sent John away, and had got her faithful James. When he thought of Valeri he longed to be in that lovely field and he also wished to see the mares again, and the frisky young horse, which used to be called Brownykin ; this one was Pax's favourite.

Pax was sick of being poked up in livery stables, with other sorts of horses, who occasionally were civil but generally very nasty to him, and spiteful. He was always very nice to everybody and he knew it too. He could not think of any way to escape though once, this new man that was looking after him, left the livery stable door open, and he had not chained Pax up. Of course the man came back soon, but Pax knew it would not have been any good to escape then, for people in the streets would have caught him and brought him back. It had to be done at night and then he thought he would not know the way in the least. After

thinking about escaping for a good time he gave it up altogether.

Pax was indeed very kind and good-natured to everybody, even to the horrid slut that beat him, he bore it, and thought ahead, and said to himself, " Oh well I will not mind, this cannot go on for long, this man will be punished; Pax thought he would bear the beating, as it might be a punishment to him, for not going into his stable, and staying out in that field all alone that time. But all the same if the livery stable man had gone on beating him for more than ten days, and Gerald or Dixen had not found out, Pax said he would have given the man what he deserved to have had. Pax had a heavy brain a little more weight than an ordinary clever horse, his weighed twenty ozs, perhaps a little more, and his will was as strong as iron, as well as gentle when he wished. If he had not mixed with other horses, he would not have had such a strong Will. I have not mentioned that Frix had gone away for a month, and that was the reason of Pax being treated cruelly in the livery stable.

When the cruel livery stable man had finished his years hard work, he was sent to prison for twelve years, for he had been found stealing, and then when he came out, it was only on condition that he would have to do the certain work that the Judge ordered him to do, and that he was to do no other. He would never be allowed to look after any animals even though he had repented.

Amellia, Gerald and Dixen, had dinner that evening of her arrival, and she told them all about Belgium, and they were very interrested. They loved hearing Amellia telling tales so much, as she had such a lovely voice.

Everyone used to say "Perfect voice. People used to fix their eyes on her they could not keep their eyes off her, when she sang. But the Stebens only knew five or six people, for they never made friends. She used to sing when Dixen played the organ. Gerald and Dixen loved her dearly. I think she thought that Gerald was her favourite. Gerald could not play the organ, for he gave up chief of his time to painting, he painted fairly well drew beautifully, his

colours in his paintings were to crued. He used to paint Amellia, and Dixen. One day he painted a beautiful picture of her. It was of her in the garden, she had crept out in the garden, when Dixen was practising the organ, and she thought that Gerald had gone out to paint sombody. Her eyes were the most beautiful part of the picture. Her arms held the pale yellow dress and she stood by one of the statues, looking up. He showed her the portrate afterwards, and she said it was too nice for her.

When she was out in the garden that time she was thinking of the first night when Pax was brought to her by Gerald and Dixen, she wore that same dress as she now wore, and somehow these thoughts, not a bit consoling to her, she seemed that somthing would happen on account of that night, the thoughts of that night ought to have made her joyous, to think she had that lovely horse, to ride on. Yet she did not think it so now somhow. Her thoughts were like they had never been before, she felt she had to ask Gerald and Dixen, but her conscience would not tell her what it was, so that night

she went to bed rather unhappy, when she ought to have been so very happy.

In the night she woke up and knew she had been dreaming, she remembered what her dream was quite well. It was terrible. Someone in her dream kept telling her to ask Gerald and Dixen if they did not think anything would happen to them ; because of what they had done in England a long time ago. The dream was terrible and she could not forget it, yet she did not know herself what Gerald and Dixen had done when they were in England, an else it was the horse, she thought perhaps that it was Pax that brought them this awful worry, she thought he might be unlucky to them perhaps.

The person in her dream was all dressed in deep black, and she could not see its face, nor could she distinguish if it was a he or she. The person murmured softly under its breath saying " I am death " it said not another word. But it seemed to her when she heard this, that she must tell Gerald, and Dixen about it. But all the same really she did not know quite what to say to them,

but at last she could not stand it any longer and she walked into their room and told them her dream. And she could not help herself saying to them " Do not you think under these conditions we ought to sell our Pax, for I am sure both of you have done wrong, when you went to England that time ? "

" Do you think you ought to have taken Pax away out of that field, and d'ont you feel as though somthing will soon soon happen ? " said Amellia. To be certain said Amellia, that dream was too real for anybody, and too terrible she said trembling from head to foot ? Gerald and Dixen were surprised to see her in their room, they were awake for they had been talking to each other. It was five in the morning, so they guessed somthing awful was up, because she came in as white as a ghost. They listened gravely, and a shudder went through them, at last they jumped out of bed, hugged her and said coaxingly " My dear Amellia d'ont be afraid, Pax will be alright, and that dream of yours is nothing.

So at last she had to go back to bed, and

she dreamed again, but she saw nothing, only heard a voice saying in a dead whisper "Sell him?" When she awoke it was time to get up, and so she tried to forget her dream. And by the evening, she did quite forget it. She went to bed very late.

That afternoon she had had a lovely ride on Pax. But before she went to bed she thought how stupid she had been to worry Gerald, and Dixen about her dream.

PART II: CHAPTER XVII

VALERI AND ALBERT ARRIVED AT LIPSIG, and found the best Hotel there that they could find. Valeri asked Albert what they were going to do the next day. Albert said sconfully " Well what have we come here for ? "

" Of course I am going to all the Police stations I can tomorrow, and find out which of them can tell me were Miss Steben lives." ? " Then, I will go to her house said Albert and—— but Valleri interrupted him by laughing and she said " You will not get much out of those policemen at those stations, they are generally busy and flustered here ; not like the English ones, with nothing to do, I heard someone say that in the hotel today, she was an English woman who said it ? "

" It would be better to ask one of the street policemen ? "

Anyhow I will try said Albert.

So the next day he went to four or five police stations, but he could not get her address from any of them ; because some of the policemen were too grumpy to give her address to Albert, and others had not heard of her.

So Albert thought he would go back and search in a different part of Lipsig, nearer the hotel they were staying at. He started to go back to the hotel, when he saw an enormous building, decorated with brilliant colours, he knew he had not passed this, when he started to go to the police stations, so he knew he must be going the wrong way. It was getting dark, for he had stayed to lunch at an hotel, he did not go back to Valeri's, for lunch, after lunch he went to more police stations till it got rather dark, and he had got confussed as to which road he ought to take back. There were no policemen about to ask the way, so he took another turning which he thought would probably lead him to the right road. When

he had gone three miles he saw an avenue ; he knew that up the avenue was not the right way for him to go, for he saw in the distance to his delight the right way. He looked at his watch, it was half past four, and he thought the avenue so fascinating that he walked up as far the end of it. This avenue was really a sort of small road, leading into another large one, but in summer Albert thought how lovely this avenue must be, for the trees meet across the road. Of course at this time of year there were no leaves on the trees. There was only one little house in the avenue road, (as he called it).

This little house had a lovely garden in the front, and Albert could just catch a glimpse of a statue of Minerva in the back garden. He longed to go in and see this back garden, he even thought of ringing, and asking who lived in the house out of curiosity. But he desided not to do this. He turned back and, and in half an hour arrived at the hotel. Valeri was out so he had tea, then waited for her. Valeri came in and found Albert upstairs, and she said

" Quick tell me, have you found that Miss Steben creature's address ? " Then Albert said " No ? " and told her everything he did, and she said " Well were there any police stations near that avenue road that you saw ? " " Yes there was only I did not have time to go to it and I thought that police station there might be more likely to tell me her address for I think perhaps I have been to far down in to Lipsig today ? " said Albert very encouragingly to Valeri. Valeri said " Well perhaps tomorrow you will be able to go to that police station. The next day Albert went to this Police station and knocked at the door. A fat policeman appeared at the door ; Albert told what he wanted, and said " Shall I have to ask the head policeman here " ? " Why no " said this policeman " of course not. I will tell you Miss Steben's address if that is all you require." ? " Oh please do tell me for that is all I want ? " said Albert full of exitement ; although he wondered to himself if she had taken Pax ; but Albert would not disbelieve Valeri for the world. He wondered if it was the same horse in the

advertisment it did seem funny that Pax was lost just at that time that the advertisment was in the paper, a little time after he had been taken; perhaps two weeks after he had gone; the advertisment was in the paper, the paper he now remmembered said that the real name Pax was given, so there was no mistake. Albert thought Pax must have been taken.

The policeman wrote down the address and gave it to Albert, and said " I have seen Miss Amellia Stebens house one "? " Hardly anyone knows her, she does not semm to have one single friend; I did once see a cab go up to her house "?

Albert took the address from the policeman, and said " Goodmorning? "

Of course he spoke in German tongue to the Policeman.

Albert looked at the address at once, and not knowing in the least were it was, he put in his pocket, and in haste walked back to the hotel to tell Valeri. Valeri came to meet him, and she shrieked with delight to see him hold up a piece of paper. She ran up to him and said " Have you found Miss

Stebens address ? " Albert answered cooley " Yes I have got it."

" We will go this afternoon and find her house ? " said Albert. " Yes certainly " ? answered Valeri we will go.

They had lunch at the hotel, then started to the house after lunch. When they started Valeri said.

" What shall we say to Miss Steben if we find her house, we cannot say to her ' Have you stollen our horse " for in the meantime she would sell the horse if she knew we were finding him ? " And Albert said " You are right Valeri we must go to the Police, but not near hear, we must go to the chief Police court in Lipsig and have a summons taken to her, and have a trial at court, it is the only way to find out if she is the right person. If we have the case tried at the police court here, our hotel we are liveing at may find out, and might not like to have us in the hotel ? "

Then Valeri answered " Yes I suppose so, shall I have to come to the trial ? "

" Of course you must, and if Miss Steben

has brothers or sisters they will have to come as witnesses."

"The Judge will want the men who helped in the deed to take the horse, for it is not likely that she could ever have taken the horse away by herself?"

"No" said Valeri "of course someone helped her, or perhaps she sent someone to England to do the deed, and did not go herself?"

"It was funny how James knew enough German to ask a person to tell him were Miss Steben lived said Valeri "And went on Valeri James told me that this man's name was Frix, and evedently he knew were Miss Steben lived, and James told me he had this conversation in the train, also James said this man named Frix would not say what relation he was to Miss Steben; he simply told the way to James?"

"Oh I see"? said Albert, "Perhaps the house will be shut up still when the policemen go there with the summons" "Well Yes" said Valeri "but I expect she does not think we are coming to find her out.

Then Albert and Valeri went into Lipzig

by train, and they both told the Police everything they could. And Valeri swore with the interrpreting of Albert that James was honest through and through.

So about 3 of the police wrote everything down on paper, and one of them said, there will have to be a trial at court. We will send in the paper with the day and date of the trial written on it, said the policemen, " and three or four of us will go to Miss Stebens house, and take in the summons to her."

Then they said Goodday, to Valeri and Albert. But before they went one of the policemen said to Albert " You must not interrprete what Valeri says in the trial for the Judge knows English as well as German and French."

Thank you said Albert, and they both went back to their Hotel.

PART II: CHAPTER XVIII

AMELLIA WAS QUIETLY SITTING IN THE drawing room reading ; when there was a peculiar knock at the front door, she wondered what it was, and who was there. In a few minuets the servant opened the drawing room door, and who did she let come in ; two policemen, they marched on, holding an enormous scrol in their hands.

Amellia sunk back in perfect terror, she shook from head to foot with fear at the sight of these two stern policemen.

There were three policemen, one of them stayed outside, for he had been ordered to keep watch up and down Amellia Stebens house for that night, and another one would occasionly take his place, he also had been

ordered to stay the next day till he had seen with his own eyes, two policemen come and escought Miss Steben with anyone else who was in the wrong to the court, then this policeman might go.

The two policemen spoke kindly to Amellia, and said " Of course it may not be you that stole the horse "

It would take to long to relate everything they said to her.

Amellia would have gladly told the policemen, that Gerald and Dixen had done the deed and that they were very very sorry ; but she was too sanguine ; she thought she might be betraying them by saying this ; especially as they brought the horse for her out of kindness.

Amellia also thought now ; if only Gerald, and Dixen had listened to her dream and had sold Pax, it would have been different ; but " no," she knew she could not have gone against her future, or fates that were all ready prepared for her.

Rather than betray her brothers, she was prepared to die herself. But she picked up courage and said to the two policemen,

" Shall I and my brothers be put in prison if the Judge says we are guilty ? " " I am afraid so " Miss ? ", one of the policemen said. " I shall too ; then said Amellia with her heart almost breaking ? " " Yes ? " they both answered. " No I will die rather than do that, said Amellia.

The two policemen then waited for Gerald and Dixen to come back, but they waited over an hour ; and they did not come in, so the policemen went away, and gave the summons to Amellia ; keeping a copy to give to Gerald and Dixen if they happened to meet them, but these two policemen thought of giving it, to the outside policeman who was guarding the house (as I mentioned before) if they did not meet Gerald, and Dixen, on their way out of the house.

And as it happened the two policemen meet Gerald and Dixen coming into the hall. The policemen stopped them and told them the same as they had said to Amellia in a downstair room.

They were very frightened, and declared they had not done the deed, and they said " Such a crime we should never commit ? "

But this was no arguement for the policemen ; so they left Gerald and Dixen with the copy of the summons, and they were swearing and cursing about the horse and about Valeri whom they called a regular snub.

Soon Amellia came down, and said kindly and quietly with a pathetic smile, " Oh Gerald and Dixen. Shall I survive this or not. How could you have been so wicked as to take Pax, I know you meant to be kind to me in presenting that angel Pax to me ; I would rather have had nothing. But never mind said Amellia kissing them ; perhaps you repent ; if so, I wish you a happier life latter on, for you will not have me then. But you must not mind if you do not see me again in this life, I shall always watch you from above, and sometimes come down, as a veiled object in the night. And added Amellia with her face lit up as though she was acting in the most enthusiastic opera, " I have said Goodbye to Pax."

Amellia had once acted in Tragedy of Shakespears and she looked so wonderful in her acting that everyone imagined them-

selves in the parts themselves. When she she said this she was the image of that night when she acted so wonderfully. " It was a sorrowful Goodbye " exclaimed Amellia tragically ? " I have told Frix about this. He is very sorry indeed, though he said, it was wicked to steal, for he said " Thou shalt not steal."

He also told me that he loved me with all his heart, and loved Pax, so of course thats the reason he stayed with us. Frix told me too that he would beg Valeri (the person who has lost Pax) to have him for her coachman, as he loved the horse ? " " Oh," said Gerald and Dixen hoarsely ; " Frix wants to forsake us, and go to that creature if we are put in prison." " He is a mean cade to pale up with her " said Gerald ? " " Yes " said Dixen who always agreed in everything.

" You must not say that ? " said Amellia. " Frix loves the horse and natureally wants to go and live where the horse is. Frix likes us I know. And it is not his fault that you stole the horse ; and you both remember, don't you, that Frix directed James the wrong way when he tried to find this house,

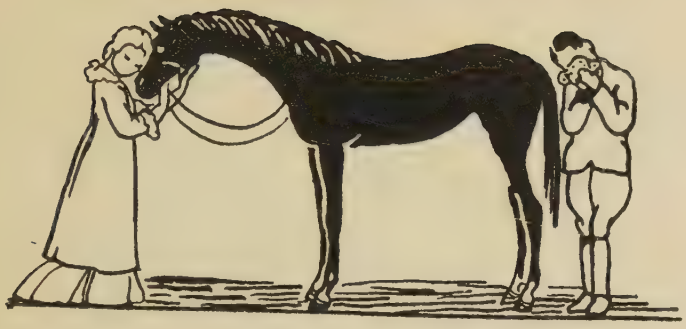
and so by doing that he gave us time to escape ? "

" Yes " said Dixen he is nice ? "

" But do you think we shall have to go to prison Amellia answered Gerald. " Yes " or else pay a big sum of money which we cannot afford ? " said Amellia. We might be able to scape up some money if we beg the lady that has lost the horse ? " said Dixen hopefully. Then Amellia said " Thats right Dixen be hopeful and you too Gerald."

" Yes I will try to be said Gerald following Dixens example.

The next day was to be the trial so Gerald, Dixen, and Amellia, went to bed very sadly, for they very tired, as they had argued at dinner so with each other. But Gerald and Dixen knew now it was no use argueing, as they most likely would have to part with Amellia, and go to prison. They both worried about it all night for they said they would never sleep in the dear little house again, but Amellia, never thought of anything special, she only hoped Gerald and Dixen would become better, and that they would never steal again.



PART II: CHAPTER XIX

ALBERT AND VALERI WOKE UP ON THE morning of the trial, and said to Albert "I hope those poor wretches, that stole Pax, will not be sent to prison, if they are the right people even, though it was very wicked of them to steal." "But still if I like them as I seem to think I shall, I shall pay money to get them free, and make them live with me?" "But if I take a dislike to them I shall let them go to prison?" "For of course said Valeri, I shall know at once if they are guilty or not I am sure I shall?"

"Well said Albert as long as you are not to pitious with them it will be alright?" "I know you have got three, or four deep books on Psycology, so perhaps you will be

able to tell if the people are guilty or not, said Albert for I shall not know ? "

Albert and Valeri waited till the afternoon then started for the trial at court.

There were only a few people going to look on. On the way to the court Valeri saw a large Theatre, she asked Albert what it was ; for she had only seen tiny little ones the size of a large room, in the country, where there was only a little sort of theartre in the little villiage about four miles from her house, on the country. Albert told her all about theatres ; and she longed to go to see one.

Then Albert said " Yes I will take you, when this trial is over, and as soon as I can get tickets ; they are going to have the Wagner Operas on here, and I will take you to one of them which ever you like, I expect you have read the stories of them ? "

" Oh Yes I have read the Wagner stories, and I think the story of Parsifal was the one I liked the most, but I forget the story now. " Well I will take you to Parsifal for I think it is perfectly glorrious, and I am quite sure you will love it ? " " Oh they have a special

Opera House for it here somwhere, I forget the name of it just now, but when we come back I will look to find for you in the paper in the hotel, for I saw it there. They both walked slowly into the court, and waited there till the arrival of Gerald, Dixen and Amellia.

Valeri was surprised to see three people walk into a room at the side of the court, these people she knew were the ones to be tried. Valeri only expected to see one man and Miss Steben, she did not expect to see two men, as well as Miss Steben, of course she only caught a slight glance of them being lead into a room by three Policemen who turned the key of the room on them. The Judge had not come yet, so Gerald, Dixen, and Amellia were left alone for a short time.

Amellia said to Gerald and Dixen,

"I wonder how this person found us out, I thought we were at least safe in Germany."

"I know how she found us out," said Gerald. "She must have seen the advertisment about the race a long time ago in the paper, and then she sent her coachman here to find us out; but that good man Frix

told the coachman, the wrong way round to our house so I suppose when the coachman found the house shut up, he went back to England again and stayed there about two months ; then I imagine that the person who had lost the horse ; herself came over here, and tried to find us ? " " And this time captured us ? " said Amellia.

" I cannot live through this trial said Amellia, for one reason ; I do not want to hear if you two say, that you have not taken the horse ; but I trust you will be absolutely truthful to the Judge and tell him you did the wicked deed, and that you will be nice to the person, who lost the horse, and tell her you are ashamed at having done such a deed, and do beg her pardon, and ask her kindly to let you off going to prison, by paying a little, and tell her that you would pay the rest by selling our house, but whatever you do " please keep my dear statues. I will hand you my will in the trial said Amellia, for I cannot live. I have hardly had anything to eat this morning so I am very weak. I could not eat somhow. Mind you be very good ; and kind to Pax ? "

But said Dixen, " Do not die dear Amellia, please do not, and how can we be kind to Pax if the person who has lost him, takes him back to England again, and please do not die. We shall miss you so ? " " I must " darlings " somthing says I am ordered to do so and I must part from you. And I have one more thing to ask both of you. Do not be idle always do somthing some work ; I do not mind if you go into an office or anything like that. Now I will kiss you both, as my voice is getting feeble. I can hardly speak, and if I had not had an extra strong and beautiful voice given to me I should have had to have given you this speech in my Will, or before we left our dear house. I shall never see that house again in human form I do not think, I do not know that I shall not often see you, or see the house in a form of a ghost ? "

Then Amellia kissed them both with tears over each other.

In a few minuets three policemen came to them and said " The Judge requests you to come into the court. Gerald, and Dixen obeyed very slowly. For Gerald and Dixen

were so sad about Amellia they could scarcely do anything ; for she always seemed to put things right for them when they were wrong. A sudden happy thought came into their heads which cheered them both up very much. It made them both think Perhaps it would make them more independent loosing Amellia, it *must* be for their good, and they might have to see more of the world now, or perhaps bear dreadful hardships.

They were so sorry for their crime that they said they would bear any hardship for Amellias sake. They hoped they had not caused her death, but she declared they had not ; which made them feel happier.

The three walked into the fairly large court. The old Judge was there ; looking very prim, and Sadate ; the jury were also standing and waiting. The Judge had a black cape by his side. He looked at Valeri and Albert who came in first he asked them to come up, he spoke to them and then they took their places. The judge stared into the eyes of the three. He knew that Amellia was not guilty by her eyes.

Albert fell in love with Amellia at the first

sight, and Valeri thought that Amellia would make a perfect wife for Albert, for Valeri saw with her own eyes that it was not Amellia that was guilty.

The Judge then sitting up errect called for the comensment of the trial.

A loud bell rang ; then Gerald and Dixen stood up in the Wittness Box.

The Judge asked them one long question then another, and six or seven small questions ; which they answered correctly, but he had not asked them any dirrect question as to, if they, had stollen the horse. Nor did the Judge ask Amellia or Albert anything yet. He thought of giving Gerald and Dixen a dirrect question now, so he said solomly " Gerald and Dixen tell me. Did either of you steal that horse from England, if not, what place and were did you get him from."

They both looked at Amellia ; and seeing that she was not at all like dying, or even looking pale they both thought this.

" Oh she will not die, it was only a fright she gave us, to make us say we *had* taken the horse ? "

So they made signs to each other that meant " say No." And understanding each others signs (just as they had thought the same thing) they said in a cool and pierceing voice.

" No we did not take the horse, we bought him here. He had been a race horse before we bought him ; it must have been someone else here, that stole Pax, and sold him to us ? "

" Well said the Judge as you both say the same, I want you to speak to Valeri before I ask Amellia ? "

" Tell me Valeri said the Judge. Can you prove in any way that it is these men that took the horse ? "

" Yes " said Valeri in this way " that when I sent my coachman to find their house in Lipsig (for Lipsig was the only address that this advertisment about the races gave). Of course you know I live in the very depth of the country, there is only one tiny villiage with some shops about two miles away from my house. I have an enormous garden, and six dogs said Valeri. And I did not think I should like Germany so I sent my coachman,

who I know is most trustworthy. He saw another man get into the same train as him, this man sat oppisite my coachman, and began talking to him, and this man directed my coachman to the Stebens house, he knew these Stebens, but he would not tell what relation or what he had to do with them. He simply told my coachman the way to their house ? "

" Thank you answered the Judge. " Well were is this man that directed your coachman to their house ? " " Oh you better ask those two men Gerald and Dixen said Valeri ; and you see my coachman hardly knew any of the German tongue at all, or else he could have soon found out from the police the Stebens address, as my son Albert did. For when James my coachman came to the Stebens house it was shut up, and no one there.

The Judge then said to Gerald " Were is that man Frix and the horse Pax." " Waiting to be brought before you they are just outside " said Albert.

" Well what relation is Frix to you Gerald " said the Judge. " He is looking after Pax,

and is our coachman and looks after Pax, and said Gerald " I do not know anything about Frix showing Valeris coachman James to our house, for we did not have him for our coachman then ? " " Oh well call for the horse, and Frix to be brought here " demanded the Judge,

In a few minuets in came Frix leading Pax.

The Judge asked Frix a few questions, and quite saw that Pax was a race horse. Frix said that before he was coachman to the Stebens, he knew were they lived, and finding out what James had come here for, he had told him the Stebens address.

" And I am no relation whatever to the Stebens."

Then Frix told the whole truth of the matter. How he had gone round a quicker way by train, while he told James, the longer way round, and he said he had repented for ever having gambling once, and then he went to the Stebens house ; for Frix said he thought that the Stebens would be very pleased for him to tell them that James was coming after them. Frix said also " I was out of work then and hoped (if it was they

that had taken the horse) that they would make me their coachman, for a reward for telling them that they were being persued ? "

" Well " said the Judge " Then did you find they had taken the horse, or bought it or what ? "

" Well is it loyal of me to tell on Gerald and Dixen ? "

" What is the use of the trial if you do not speak up ? " So Frix said in a clear voice.

Yes Judge " Gerald and Dixen are in my concern guilty ; do not punish them for my sake, for I would rather go to prison, or scrape up money by work myself, than to let them go to prison for my telling ? " " I, you know " said Frix have done many wrong deeds in my life of which I ought to be punished for. " That dear Amellia Steben is quite innocent I know." " Here is the dear horse Pax, which I adore and I should be sad to leave him."

Albert and Valeri were touched ; at this speech of Frix.

Albert and Valeri were then asked to look at the horse Pax, feel his legs to see if it was quite the right Pax.

Valeri went up to Pax, he remembered her and was so delighted to see his old misstress again, that he neighed violently at her and sniffed her all over ; and wanted to go after her, for he wanted a carrot, or a lump of sugar, as she used to give him a long time ago.

" Oh thats your horse," said the Judge, " is it not,"

" Oh yes I know it is ; the darling thing, it certainly is my horse, without a single dought " said Valeri. " Then the Judge asked Valeri many more questions. Then at the end he turned to Amellia, " What have you to say Amellia ? said the Judge.

" Will my brothers go to prison for this " answered Amellia. " Yes if they cannot find a large sum of money, the jury have desided it must be that said the Judge. " And it must be fifteen years imprisonment I am afraid or either two years imprisonment and pay £100 instead of £400 and no imprisonment " continued the Jury.

" Well I shall not live, said Amellia, only I hope someone will pay the £100 for them, and only let them have two years imprisonment, so that they may repent. I know they

will repent when I am gone. I think Frix is a very good man. My brothers have told an awful lie as well as the theft they did; so I cannot live to see them repent. I must trust to that." Then Amellia looked at Valeri, and Albert who were in tears to think Amellia was not going to live; Amellia saw this and said:

"Oh dear Albert do not cry; only save my brothers; and take Frix to live with you; he is a splendid man for work. My brothers ought to have two years imprisonment, it would do them good to meditate a little." Then Amellia turned to Gerald and Dixen and said. "Do not mourn for me when I am gone for I shall be happy. Only Be good for that will please me more than anything."

The Judge allowed Amellia to give her Will to Gerald and Dixen.

"Then she stood up to say one of Shakespears speeches. She said "Listen for you may, none of you" (and she looked up to all the people who had listened to the case) "hear such a speech as this again?" The people with loving eyes watched her.

Then she said in a voice, somwhat like an angels The following speech out of " The Tempest " by Shakespeare :

Prospero (says) :
You do look my son in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd : be cheerful, sir :
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air :
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all that it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd :
Bear with my weakness ; my old brain is troubled
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity.
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell
And there repose : a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.
Ferdinand and *Miranda :* We wish you peace.
(*Exeunt*).

By *Shakespeare.*

Then turning round walked slowly to were Pax, was standing ; kissed him, and whispered in his ear. Then Amellia went over to her place, she then looked at every single

person there, lastly she looked at Valeri, and then Albert, and lastly at the Judge. And everyone was filled with compassion being unable to utter a word After such a speech.

Amellia knelt down then, and the court was getting quite dark and just as the man was coming to light up she slipped off her coat and she was dressed in an appricot satin dress, a beautiful neckless round her for which she said Valeri was to have, and to everyone it seemed like a play, or beautiful dream. An enormous cloud rolled past overhead and there was complete darkness. When the light man came and lit everything up. A policeman lifted Amellia up but she was found quite dead.

No one spoke ; it seemed as though when the lights were put on another world had opened upon them. They all seemed as though they ought to have dressed in the most artistic, and beautiful clothes they had and when the darkness came they ought to have gone with the loving Amellia.

In about ten minuets, the judge said quetly " Never have I ever had such a case in my life ? "

I must ask now if any of you here are willing to pay, or make up the money between them for £100 to save poor Gerald and Dixen who at this moment are sobbing bitterly for their beloved sister Amellia ? " I believe she said that speech, to make the people have pity on Gerald and Dixen the Judge thought. And he was quite right for it had great effect on them. Valeri and Albert were filled with compassion, for Gerald, and Dixen. Valeri agreed to pay £100, and only let them have two years imprisonment.

" But what shall we do with Frix, and Pax ? " said Albert. " Take them back to England, of course said Valeri ? "

" But the Judge has not yet said, if Frix is to go to prison." answered Albert. " No " said the Judge ; " he is not down right guilty. But in his favour the Jury have desided that he shall pay £4 and then he can go, and get some work, or do anything he likes, except wickedness.

Then Valeri said " Well Frix says he loves Pax ; so why not let him look after Pax ? " " Yes take him back to England with us,

for James has too much to do with the looking after of five horses, even though he has an under man to help him said Albert ? " " Very well " replied Valeri, " you had better tell him ? "

So they both told Frix that they would start for England in four days. So Frix said " I cannot thank you enough ? " And as Pax means peace I hope " Dear Valeri that you will have peace, and that Albert will not have to go out on any more business and leave you.

Then Albert said " I am afraid I must go away one more year; and then I hope to live with Valeri ? " So saying, Albert took down the address of the stable were Frix, was going to keep Pax, till the days were up for them to depart for England again.

Two days before they were going back to England ; Albert was going to take Valeri to Opera (as she fancied the theatre too dull).

In about an hour they were going to start for the opera. It was half past eight. They waited for half an hour after they had, had

dinner. Albert whistled for a cab, which came driving up slowly. They got in and drove off to the Opera house.

Valeri could talk of nothing, but the opera for two whole days afterwards. She said she would like to live in the opera house and go on seeing, and hearing, the glorrious music of Wagner.

It was " Tanhäuser " they went too, for Albert could not get any spare tickets for Parsifal, as there seemed a great rush of tickets for that opera. Also before they left Geramany Albert took Valeri to see " Die Walqüre."

They went to " Die Walqüre " the day before they were going back to England.

Valeri thought it was indeed the most beautiful and Albert (who had often been to see it before) agreed.

They sugested the next time they wanted to come away from England, they would come to Germany, *even* if it was only for the operas.

The last day soon came for Albert and Valeri to go back to England.

The Judge had asked them to come and

see Gerald and Dixen in prison, before they left for England. So in the morning before they left Germany, they both went down to were the prison was ; and asked admitance to see Gerald, and Dixen. Two policemen lead them in to the prison.

Gerald and Dixen got up and said Good-bye to Albert and Valeri. She thought they looked very sheepish ; and she rather wished she had not paid £100 for them. Albert thought much the same thing, but neither of them told each other of their thoughts.

Frix and Pax came up in the afternoon ; already to start for the journey ; and they all went down to the station. Frix, with Pax had to go in a latter train. Frix promised, Valeri, and Albert, that he would look after the horse and bring him safely to their house in England.

Albert and Valeri arrived in England on thursday afternoon. James was waiting for them. They told him everything, and he was delighted to think that he had Frix to

help him with a little of his work. Valeri delighted in telling her maid Enid everything.

Valeri rushed out in her garden, the first chance she had, and was delighted with all the spring bulbs that were just beginning to come up. Certainly James had kept the garden wonderfully well while she had been away. Not a single little weed. And the birds seemed to welcome her back with many songs of joy. She heard a rustleing in the big old hollow tree on the lawn, and she guessed it must be the owl. She was very interested in the owl especially when it had little ones during the spring. In the evenings she came out to watch them. Her joy was great at getting back to the garden, and the lovely young horses. Her dogs were overjoyed to see her. And if they did not happen to love Enid, and James, they would have pined away altogether. Valeri kissed dear Daniel (the Great Dane) who came out of his large kennel to greet her. Daniel was her favourite, excepting the little pug whom she adored. The two spaniels were very intelligent and always sat up to the table.

PART II: CHAPTER XX

PAX WAS VERY TROUBLESOME INDEED GOING accross in the steamer from France to England; he kicked terribly, and it was all Frix could do, to keep him at all steady.

Pax wondered what was happening, he had not kicked or done anything the first time he had crossed to go to Germany with Gerald, and Dixen, because then, he had been determined to go on adventures, he had been so adventurous then. But now longed to go back to Valeri, and he was determined to get back to her somhow. He longed to go back to his brother, and sisters.

On Saturday morning Frix arrived with Pax.

Pax was wild with joy to get back to

his stable. He desided never to want to go on adventures again.

For now, what stories he would have to tell the mares, and the frisky young brownykin of all his adventures.

When Pax came into his old stable, the other horses knew him at once. Shrieks of neighs, came from the others stalls, they tried hard to break their halters, with joy at seeing Pax back again.

They had not seen him for nine months. Pax had not seen Grey before, and wondered who she was. Pax had a stall between two other stalls. The stall one side of him had Grey in it, and on the other side of him was the frisky young Brownikin. Pax of course took months in telling them all his adventures. They marvelled and they said we should not like to have gone through those adventures. (I must just say that Pax was the youngest of all the other mares and horse. He was four).

" Well I have had a few adventures before I came here," said Grey, " But I hated my last place. I was ridden on all day, till I thought I should have dropped down

altogether. My master was kind; but my coachman I hated. I love this James, he is kind to me. I am intimate friends with all the mares, and Brownykin, who is always up to pranks?" "The other mares tell me that in summer we are let out in a field to graze all day, and are only taken in at night?" "But it is too cold now to be in the field. The brownikin told me of your escape?" "I thought it was plucky but too dangerous and I was positive you would not live to tell us your adventurous?" "You are lucky to have got back here at all, from those horrid men?" "Yes" said Pax with a loud neigh; for he heard James coming with their oats and hay to feed them. Pax had never tasted such delicious oats he thought.

In a weeks time Albert had been ordered to go to Denmark, for his last year of Navel work. He went to say Goodbye to the horses. He thought Pax a magnificaint horse, and Pax liked the look of Albert. Albert gave each horse an apple, very soar ones, a

lump of sugar and a bun each. Also he kissed them.

He went by train with his portmanto, after having had one ride on Pax, and one ride on Grey.

Then Grey told Pax that Albert was very nice, and all about him.

Pax said " I have not seen him before, but Valeri my mistress, is so much nicer than she used to be. Perhaps it is after Gerald and Dixen. Before I went on adventures," Pax went on saying " I always used to see Valeri sitting down on a chair, or stool, watching us caper about in the field, or either she feed the chickens then sat down, and watched them eat. She always has four or five dogs with her, which I myself do not approve of." " I think it would be nicer if she had one of those dear little Shetland ponies with her two or three of them." " You have not seen them ? " " Oh no we have not " said the other horse, and mares.

" And now " said Pax," " she got on my back to-day, but I felt skitish, so I gave a slight buck-jump, and she fell off into a puddle that was just beside me. I could not

help smilling to myself, and James said " Why Pax looks as though he is laughing at you ? " " But as she was so brave as to get on again I gave her a nice ride up a little lane, and James led me, walking beside her ? " " When she rides better perhaps James will ride beside her on you " Grey ? " " I hope so ? " said Grey.

PART II: CHAPTER XXI

GERALD WAS FEELING VERY SAD; FOR DIXEN had Jaundice, and the Judge hearing of it, ordered that he was to be taken to a hospital. He had only been in the hospital three days, when the dreadful news was brought to Gerald that he had died.

Gerald did nothing but lament, and mourn for Dixen for two months.

Then he quite forgot about Dixen. The 2 years imprisonment would be up in two days then he would be free.

Albert had written and demanded Gerald to come to England, and help look after Pax only on four shillings a week, and clean boots. Gerald wrote back, and he

would be delighted to do so, and would do any sort of work.

So in two days Gerald arrived, and was requested to look after Pax entirely.

Now Valeri and Frix had their own reasons for letting Gerald look after Pax. It was only a test to see if he was kind to animals. If he was kind, he would be allowed to look after the sheep, but if Pax seemed to like him Valeri would let him look after Pax.

If Gerald was found to be unkind to Pax Valeri had made up her mind, and she told Frix what she would do, and he agreed.

PART II: CHAPTER XXII

ONE REASON WHY PAX WAS SO HAPPY AT getting back to his home was because he thought that he would be able to caper about in the fields, and play with the others. Pax thought how cold it had been in Germany, he was sure that it was not like it in the field at Valeris, Pax thought it was quite hot there. For being a horse Pax did not understand that in winter it was cold everywhere, for it was in the month of march, and there were bleak winds.

Pax hated Gerald, and Dixen, and loved Amellia. Gerald was never kind to him though he pretented he loved Pax.

They really stole Pax to get money for him, they had proposed to sell him when they

got to Germany. Only finding they had, had a portion of money left to them from some friend, and also Amellia begged to have the horse, they kept Pax, chiefly for her.

Pax was just enjoying a delicious bran mash, when he heard strange footsteps, very familiar they seemed to him, he knew that it was not James, for he heard distinct talking, as if two men were outside. And as two men drew nearer to the stable, Pax heard the voice of Gerald. He gave a jump, and the other mares and brownikin looked round in supprise to see a strange man walking into the stable lead by James. The brownikin thought. What a horrid looking man, I will kick him, after pointing at me with his finger.

Pax knew it was Gerald, and he was angry at seeing him turn up again. He liked Dixen and Amellia. But all the same he wished never to see any of them again somehow, especially Gerald of whom he disliked.

Pax saw that James was with Gerald so he was not so afraid of being taken away. He made up his mind not to be taken to Germany again. They soon went out of the stable.

Pax told the brownikin that the man was Gerald, and he said "Well I think he is horrid, and pointed, and made a face at me?"

Gerald was told by Valeri to look after Pax. And the other horses only once a fortnight when James went out. The other days he was to have only the entire charge of Pax every day James did the other horses himself.

On Sundays Valeri feed the horses, for their dinner, for both James, and Gerald went out.

This day I am now going to speak of is thursday, it was the day of James outting. Gerald had been left to the care of all the others. The very first time he had had such a great thing to look after.

Valeri told Gerald she was going out for a walk in the morning, and would not want to ride in the afternoon as she was going to plant bulbs in the garden.

Gerald said to himself I am not go to look after the horses all the afternoon, so I shall go to that party I have been longing to go to, but first I must ask mistress.

Gerald went and asked Valeri if he could go as soon as the horses were feed. But Valeri said "No not when James is away. I do not mind when he is here ; but I cannot have you go out and leave no one with the horses."

Gerald said " very well mam ? " He was very angry indeed and said to himself " Out of spit to show her they are all right if I leave them, I shall go and leave the horses. If I give the tiresome old things plenty of food and water, and leave them extra hay I shall be safe." So saying he ran to the stable, and gave all the horses, each a nice lunch. The horses were pleased, but they seeing he was dressing himself very smartly, they all knew he had some trick on.

Gerald noticed Valeri looked very tired, and was nearly asleep in an armchair, so he thought it will be alright if I lock the stable doors tight. Valeri will not come down, she never comes to see the horses more than once a day, she saw them all this morning.

Gerald put on his hat, and bolted the stable door, as well as locked it, and he went.

Now Valeri was on the look out and had only pretended to look tired, she wanted to see if Gerald was trustworthy. And James had not gone out really, he was in the house, and Valeri said to James " I will go to the stables, and see if he really has dared to disobeyed my orders ? " " I think it impossable."

Valeri went down to the stable, and she found it just as Gerald had left it. She called out Gerald at the top of her voice, but got no answer.

Then she sighed to herself, saying " Ah I thought so. I cannot keep him to look after Pax, I shall have to put him under the gardiner, who is a cross man, and he will not put up with any of Gerald's ways." " It will teach him a lesson too.

Valeri unlocked the stable door with a key of her own. Shrieks of neighs came from within, they seemed so glad that Valeri had found out that Gerald had gone out and left them alone, they knew her voice even though she was outside. Valeri gave each of the horses a carrot.

It was 5 o'clock, nearly time for them to have their evening meal.

Valeri wondered if Gerald would be back in time to give the horses their meal at six. She locked the stable door, and went back and told James.

James said he quite expected it.

Seven o'clock came; Gerald had not come back so James went to feed the horses. Valeri made up her mind to wait up till Gerald came back, so as to talk to him, for it would not do, she knew, to wait till the morning, for then, he might invent an excuse and say Valeri was dreaming and *that he never left the stable once.*

After dinner about ten o'clock when James had gone to bed Valeri strolled out into the garden, she walked out on to the lawn. It was the most heavenly night, she had ever seen. Really Never in her life had there been to her memory such beauty, and so especially wonderful for the middle of April. The night was as hot as summer. You might have imagined quite well, you were standing on your tennice lawn on one of the hottest days of June.

The moon shone; not one star seemed missing in the sky, which looked so far off

from her. Valeri had a long fur coat on, and underneath it a satin evening dress, only not a low neck. Often did she come out in her garden at this hour.

The weird sretch of the owl that lived in the big hollow branchy tree on the lawn ; broke the great & wonderful deep silence of night.

Valeri walked quetly over to the big tree to see if she could see the owl. The owl knew her quite well, and with his lovely eyes used to sit staring at her, he always sat meditating. Sometimes Valeri saw him flying about at night trying to catch birds. Besides this owl was a mother owl and 3 quite tiny owls. Valeri enjoyed this peaceful night and quite forgot time till the clock struck 11 ; then she went to see if Gerald had come back ; but he had not. So she desided to wait up till twelve, or half-past for him.

Just as Valeri was going up to bed ; one of the servants came up to her, and said that Gerald had just come in, if she wished to see him. Valeri demanded to see him out in the garden. Gerald soon came to her, looking very guilty. He said " Yes mum what do

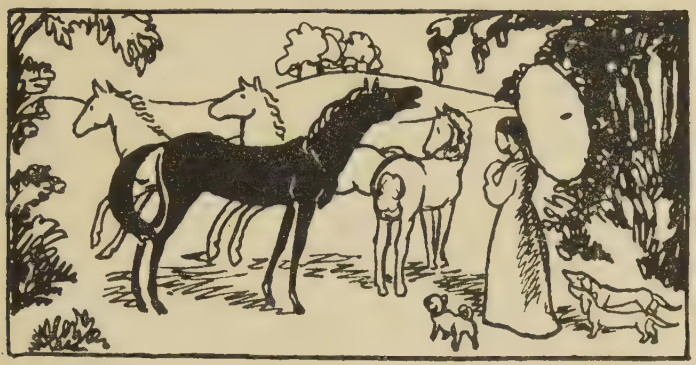
you want I am sorry I went out at 7 o'clock and could not get back till now ? " Valeri gave him an awful look ; and as it with only the light of the moon Gerald got quite frightened. And very coldly Valeri : " I am supprised I think I have done everything I could for you ; you might have still been in prison if I had not paid that money, and it is only for your sister Amellia's sake that I shall still keep you ; even after disobeying me this afternoon ? " You went out at 3 o'clock and I hope you will never again tell me another lie like you did just now ? "

Gerald simply said one word " No ".

Either Valeri, or the stillness, and beauty of night, had a great effect on Gerald. He fell down at her knees and begged her forgiveness, of which she gave him. " But said Valeri " I see you have not naturally a love for animals so you shall not be allowed to look after Pax anymore ? " " You shall work in the garden under Morris the gardiner, for I know you like gardening ? " " Yes I do " said Gerald.

Now I will skip over eleven months but

I will just say Valeri was enjoying herself very much with the horses, her dogs too. Gerald got on splendidly with the head gardener, and quite turned over a new leaf in his life. Valeri was expecting Albert in one days time. Gerald was given two outings in the week.



PART II: CHAPTER XXIII

THERE WAS GREAT EXCITEMENT CONCERNING Gerald. Albert had come back. And Gerald was engaged, he was going to marry the dairyman's second daughter. This dairyman had at one time been quite rich enough, not to have to work, but the cellisiter lost their money so, he had to start a dairy in the villiage near Valeri, he made this pay, and he had a wife and three daughter. Of course it was not like having to marry any ordinary dairyman's daughter, so Gerald was very proud of this new wife, who was so beautiful.

She was quite the right wife for Gerald.

They were both married on August the 16th. Albert presented them with a little house about a mile away from Valeri, and

Valeri promised to give the wife 300£ a year. Albert also gave them 600£ as a present between them. Everyone gave them present and it was a joyous wedding. Gerald had the great pleasure he wished for ; in being father to a child, in about a year after they had been married. Later on they had 2 more children, whom Valeri loved, and so they were very happy with three children. Albert, and Valeri went to Germany, for the operas, for about 2 monthes in the year. Pax enjoyed his life as much as any of them, especially in summer when he frisks about in the field with the others. And he had no more adventures.

THE END